

A Dog and His Bone

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A Dog and His Bone

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Summary

Long pale fingers dragged through his hair and he couldn't help but sigh at the touch.

It should always be like this.

Why isn't it always like this?

Notes

A/N: Hey

One Warning:

Slight bestiality, not really but be careful of that.

Apologies spelling, grammar and OOCness

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or any of its characters

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The forest was quiet for once, with nothing other than the odd rustle in the trees from some nervous unknown creature every now and then. Too far away to cause concern but still close enough that even human ears could catch it. Soft chirping of crickets a bit closer, but not so much that the incessant chattering of the insects became annoying.

He let out a sigh as he felt those long pale fingers combing through his hair, gently massaging his scalp, as the sounds of the forest lulled them both into an almost serene and comfortable silence.

It should always be like this. Why isn't it always like this? He almost tried to remember the reason why but that just made him feel something... off, something that he didn't want to feel right at that moment, so instead he ignored it. Instead he focused on the feeling of those fingers running through his hair, his head laying on the Slytherin's lap. Said Slytherin didn't say anything, but he didn't really need to say anything anyway. Its better when its like this. When its quiet and they're together and they're just like this.

Normally, its not like this. He knows that.

Normally when they're together, when he lays eyes on the raven he can barely contain his... what? He doesn't even know.

Excitement? Does he feel excited when he sees Severus?

Yes, he feels excitement.

The wizard was so closed off, so quiet, so distant; it drove him mad with the need to make him do something. React somehow, say anything! Severus rarely ever did. Not unless he made the raven react, not unless he... forced the Slytherin to engage him and that was always fun. Every day was a new opportunity to get a new reaction out of the Slytherin. A different comment, a new sound, new look.

He's memorised each and every single one. What Severus looks like when he's angry, when he's upset, when he's bored and when he's so focused on something that he ignores everything and everyone around him. He'd do his best to try and make the raven turn various shades of pink and red, which he rarely ever did but whenever he did it always felt like victory in his mind.

He wanted Severus to react. Say something, do something, look at him... play.

Yes, he wanted the raven to play with him. Playing with Severus always seemed like so much fun.

He used to see Lily play with him. Back in first year, whenever they got the chance away from the school and Severus' housemates and hers. They'd play, silly games, card games, they'd read or study together. Severus would give the girl a smile, nod and laugh. He'd pay attention. He'd turn a soft pale flush of pink and laugh, a strange sort of sound that would

start low only for the pitch to go higher and higher until he fell over onto his side in amusement.

Severus looked so different when he played, but he never played with him. Only with Lily and so Sirius could understand why James seemed to dislike the raven so much.

But he doesn't want to think about that right now. Instead he turned over to the other side so he was facing the Slytherin who only paused for a brief moment, waiting for the figure on his lap to settle before letting out a soft scoff and started stroking again.

He wanted to open his eyes, but didn't. It would only make things go wrong if he did. He'd see Severus' face, see that rare soft smile and the peace would break because he would absolutely break it. He could feel his belly flutter with excitement at the mere thought of it, so he only let out a soft sigh before burrowing in deeper, taking in a deep breath and-

Severus always smells nice.

He smells of... skin and dirt and soap. Leaves and flowers and other flowers and herbs – whatever it is that he picked up when he was looking for ingredients in the forest earlier. His clothes had that smell on them. Old material, worn material. A strong sharp type of muggle detergent and cheap fabric softener reminiscent of something that was supposed to smell like lavender – but not quite.

He shuffled closer, sniffing and huffing as he tried to sort through all the smells. Some smelled human but, nothing like Severus. Faint, barely detectable scents of other people, none of which he recognised. Old clothes... hand me downs, second hand clothes. That makes sense.

He likes the smells though. Its nothing like how some of the girls in school smell. Lily Evans included. With them he always got that sharp sting of alcohol drenched flowers and fruits, scented soaps and... acetone, bitter mixes of metal and acrylics, wax and sugar. They barely smelled human, you could never smell skin and rarely any blood.

Severus smells nice, Severus tastes nice too.

He remembers the first time he tasted the raven's skin. He wanted to play but Severus wouldn't and... he got a little rough. He ended up with the Slytherin's blood on his hand and he licked it off, for no other reason than just to try it. It tasted nice, it tasted sweet. None of the others taste like that.

He checked.

He managed to get into it with Mulciber once, tasted him as well... absolutely disgusting. But Severus tastes nice. He smells nice.

He pressed in right up until his nose bumped up against the Slytherin's stomach. Severus laughed, he almost looked up only to pause when he got another scent down there. Dark eyes snapped open and he sniffed harder, huffing and puffing only to sneeze when he realised that it smelled like... James.

What the hell?!

“What are you doing now?”

Came the amused drawl of the raven but he could barely pay attention to that. He needed to get closer, make sure that he was getting that right. So he turned over and came closer moving the Slytherin’s jumper and shirt out of the way until his nose hit that pale skin underneath.

“What-“ The raven gasped.

He didn’t care just kept huffing and sniffing only to start when he realised that it did smell like James. The scent was faint, not strong enough for prolonged contact. Just a touch, barely a whisper.

When could that have happened?

“What in Merlin’s name do you think you’re doing?!” Severus struggled a bit, trying to gently nudge him away but he wouldn’t be deterred.

What the hell is this shit?! When did James even-

And then he remembered, the earlier that day, James shoved Severus down to the ground. It probably happened then.

Still, he didn’t like it at all. He didn’t like Severus having anyone else’s scent on him. The old scents on his clothes are the one exception. He shouldn’t have James’ scent on him. James knows he doesn’t like to share. He keeps all his special things hidden. Hidden away in dark secret places where only he can find them. So how did Severus get James’ scent on him?! No this won’t do at all.

He started rubbing himself on the Slytherin, by then his head had disappeared completely beneath the raven’s shirt. Severus seemed to be stifling a laugh as he kept pushing.

“Stop that! What on earth-“

Not enough.

He pulled out from under Severus’ clothes, just barely managing to avoid popping off the buttons of the raven’s shirt. He pulled out and jumped right on top of the Slytherin earning a grunt and then laughter as he started licking the wizard’s face. The raven’s normally deep voice rising as he tried to keep the dog at bay, his cheeks flushed with a broad smile over his lips. The greasy locks of hair catching dirt and leaves beneath his head and he couldn’t help but pause for a second just to stare at the wizard beneath him.

Severus stopped as well, breathing hard as he lifted a hand to thread through his hair.

“Are you done now?”

His head fell to the side in a tilt and for a moment he’d almost forgotten what he was doing.

What was he doing?

Right! Severus smells like James, he needs to get that scent off.

He leaned down and started licking the raven again. Severus shut his eyes and turned his face away, giggling. A low sound that seemed to rumble right from his core as the raven tried to hide his face with his hands.

He growled in frustration.

This isn't going fast enough and wouldn't his scent just go away once Severus takes a bath anyway?

Well...

There's only one thing left to do.

He started humping the wizard's side, paws digging into the dirt for purchase to ease his movements so he could go faster. As fast as possible. The quicker he gets this over with, the faster he marks Severus the sooner... the sooner-

Severus smells really nice.

A low growl left his throat, he could feel himself grow through his sheath. The rough texture of the raven's grey pants giving him the most insatiable itch, inspiring him to thrust a little harder. There was just one layer of clothing keeping him away from the warmth of the raven's skin just underneath and he started panting.

It should always be like this. Why isn't it always like this? They should play and play and Severus will pet his hair and smile and laugh, but only for him and never ignore him and Severus will always smell like him, only like him and it'll be great. It'll be fun. They'll always play and he'll never be ignored. He'll never be rejected.

"What-" Severus uncovered his face to look at him. Pitch black eyes went wide as his skin turned a dark shade of red.

"Absolutely not!" The raven shrieked as he shoved the other off of him hard and scrambled away. He was so high on his own desire that he rolled over and quickly got up to jump on the raven again but the raven was already on his feet. Face beet red as he held his arms out in front of him. He tried to get closer but-

"No! No, I draw the line at-" The Slytherin's blush somehow got even darker and Padfoot immediately leaped up to try and lick the other only to be pushed back, "No!" Severus said sternly.

He whined.

That's not fair, he's not done yet! That's not fair. Severus never plays fair!

"No. Bad dog!"

Not true! He's the best dog! He can prove it. He's not done yet!

Padfoot growled.

The Slytherin took in a deep breath, brushing the hair that had fallen over his face back. He stopped briefly to pick a twig and leaf from his tangled locks before looking at the dog and then looking at something behind him.

A soft sigh, "It's almost curfew." He muttered softly and Padfoot's eyes went wide since as he was yanked back down from his high. He's heard the Slytherin say that before.

He knew what that meant. He was proven right when he saw the raven lean over to pick up his faded black cloak from its spot beside the tree, along with his wand which he slipped into his pocket.

The grim started to whine, moving closer to look at the wizard's face as he leaned over.

"No-" Severus sputtered, he stood up straight and stepped back. Padfoot leaped up on his hindlegs only to be pushed and urged back on all fours. The feeling of rejection was immeasurable.

"I need to go."

'No, stay. I'm sorry. I promise I'll be good, I'll be a good boy'

He kept whining as he rubbed up against the wizard's side to try and get Severus to pet him.

'I want to play'

"No. Stay." Severus said sternly as he turned towards the path that led to the castle.

But-

An idea popped into the dog's mind and he quickly darted over to the side to pick up the same stick from earlier. He ran back and started barking and growling around the stick in his mouth, tail wagging as he hopped from side to side.

"I can't-" Padfoot barked, cutting the wizard off who rolled his eyes, "I need to leave."

When he tried to move around the animal it simply hopped in front of him to bark and growl excitedly.

'Play with me'

"Blasted animal." He muttered softly before his lips pursed for a brief moment, "Fine."

He reached out to take the stick and Padfoot decided to just let him for once. Severus held it up in front of the dog's face.

"See the stick, boy?"

‘Yes!’

“Go get it!”

He pulled his arm back and threw the stick in the opposite direction, it went soaring through the air before landing in some bushes a couple of yards away and Padfoot took off after it. Chest filled with joy and heart thrumming with excitement since Severus agreed to play with him. He quickly found the stick and bounced back, leaping out from behind the bushes to sprint back to where he left the raven only to find-

Him not there.

He blinked in confusion, huffed out a bark and then another but got no response. Sniffing the air he found that the raven had left, gone in the direction of the school and-

He left.

...

That’s alright, Padfoot can find him. He always finds Severus. It’ll be easy and they can keep playing and Severus will call him a good boy because he is a good boy-

‘Stop.’ A voice suddenly cut in sharply through his thoughts and caused the dog to freeze. ‘Breathe... breathe.’

Slowly he started to breathe. Slowly, his consciousness started to crawl its way back and he was finally lucid enough to shift.

Seconds later Sirius Black stood in the shadows of the dark forest, staring out to the last place where Padfoot caught Severus’ scent. Something hollow settling in his chest. Embarrassingly, it took him a moment to remember that he still had a stick in his mouth. He quickly took it out and threw it to the ground, he tried to spit out the grainy taste of dirt and... branch still right there on his tongue.

Sirius dragged a hand through his hair as he glared down at the stick and hissed-

“Shit.”

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Severus stood beside McGonagall’s classroom.

There’s a full ten minutes before class starts. Severus likes to get to class early to secure his usual seat whenever he has the misfortune of enduring the class with Gryffindor. In case the Marauders decided to something ‘hilarious’ at his expense.

The raven wanted to huff in frustration at the thought, instead he just kept his eyes on the textbook in his hands.

There's an assignment coming up soon and unfortunately, Transfiguration is his worst subject. He had planned on choosing an especially difficult topic, to impress the professor and hopefully push his marks up to something better than a mere Acceptable. Originally, his plan had been to attempt Animagus transformation. But he decided on a different route.

Why?

Besides the incredible difficulty in turning oneself into an animal and all of the inherent dangers involved in such a task, it was also very illegal for any underage wizard to attempt Animagus transformation. Since you can't even get registered before you come of age.

It was simply more trouble than it was worth.

Still, Severus did some preliminary research on the topic and he found it to be surprisingly interesting. Even if he doesn't plan on becoming an Animagus anytime soon, he still found the literature on it quite engaging so why not read a bit more.

While he waited for the professor to come and open the classroom, Severus kept himself occupied with the newest book that he got from the library; describing some of the dangers in becoming an Animagus.

The Animagus is a reflection of the soul and so, it may happen, that a subject may begin to adopt more unfavourable traits of their Animagus forms. Its important to note that animals are simple creatures. Focused on instincts and desires, which allow them to prioritise base impulses that guarantee survival and progression of their individual species. And it is because of that, that a subject may display inhuman and potentially dangerous behaviours, driven by the instincts and desires of their specific animal projection.

This is why Animagus transformation is forbidden for those who are underage, as unstable cores in early development may be affected by the transformation. Causing permanent changes in behaviour and temperament, that may not otherwise have occurred in normal undisturbed development. Poor impulse control, increased aggression and an abnormally heightened sex drive, are just some of noted side-effects of a juvenile core damaged by the Animagus transformation-

"Oi, Snivellus!"

Severus was ripped back to reality at the voice that called out, down the hallway, from where he stood. His hands clenched around the book in his hands and he had to take in a very deep breath to steady his nerves.

He doesn't want to look. He's not going to look because every time he does, every time he gives these cretins even a sliver of his attention; he always ends up regretting it. But... they made it so difficult not to react.

Screaming insults and taunts that he can't simply ignore and even when he tries to ignore them, they just end up making him regret that as well. The pranks always got worse when he ignored them, the spells more... violent when he pretended like they didn't exist.

But maybe Lily is right. Maybe it is his fault for rising to the bait.

Maybe if he keeps ignoring them, they'll eventually just bugger off and leave him alone.

"Snivellus!"

He recognised the voice as belonging to Black, but he still didn't look up.

There should be about five minutes before class starts now, other students should start showing up. Not that they would do anything in his defence, but hopefully McGonagall won't just give them a laughable point deduction this time.

He heard footsteps getting closer, only one set; so it's just Black this time.

Severus internally cringed. It was always worse when it was just Black, almost like he didn't have to hide anything when no one else was around. Like he didn't have to pretend to give a shit when it was just the two of them.

But Severus kept still, only moving to subtly pull his wand out from the inside of his robes and keep it in his hand with his book.

One more deep breath and he was suddenly grabbed, spun around and shoved hard against the wall. The Slytherin gasped, but kept a tight hold on his book and wand. He glared at the Gryffindor who kept him pinned down, those steel blue eyes filled with annoyance as his lips twisted into a snarl.

"I'm talking to you Snivellus. Don't you know it's rude to ignore your betters when they bother to talk to you?"

"My betters?" Severus sneered, "I know you barely have more than one functioning braincell, Black. But you'd have to be braindead to think I would ever consider you my better."

"Really? And who would it be, Snape, if not me? Malfoy?"

Severus could feel the grip on his arms tighten, but he didn't look away as he hissed.

"Better Malfoy than a worthless mutt like you."

He knew the pain was coming, knew the second the words left his mouth and he was prepared for it. He saw it in the slight pause in the Gryffindor's features as the insult settled in, before he even pulled the raven forward to slam him back against the wall. That's why the pain that bloomed across his back barely slowed him down as he aimed his wand at Black's chest. He muttered a blasting spell that had the Gryffindor letting go and flying back against the wall on the opposite side of the hallway.

Black hit the wall hard before sliding down to the stone floors, groaning in pain while Severus kept his wand aimed at the Gryffindor as he tried to right himself. Picking up his transfigurations book and holding it against his chest.

Black looked up at him and let out something that honestly sounded like a literal growl when-

“Mr Snape! What in Merlin’s name is happening here?!”

They both looked up to see McGonagall rushing towards them, her robes billowing behind her quite dramatically as she came down the hallway. Severus felt his arm waver for a moment but did not let it drop as he looked back at the Gryffindor to glare at him.

“Black attacked me!”

“I did not!” Black cried out indignantly as he quickly got to his feet, “Snape is the one that-“

“Enough!” McGonagall said as she levelled them both in a glare of her own, “It doesn’t matter who did what. This behaviour is unacceptable. Twenty points from Gryffindor and Slytherin!”

Severus finally let his arm fall and almost gaped at the woman, but stomped out the urge as he simply kept his mouth shut. It wouldn’t do any good anyway, she’d obviously side with one of her lions before siding with him. Instead he folded his arms, keeping his textbook clutched against his chest but still held his wand in his hand.

McGonagall turned away from them to open up her classroom.

“Class will be starting soon. Both of you, sit down and behave.” Severus just went inside, ignoring the heated glare he could feel on his back as he quickly found his desk and sat down. Black went by him just then, the utter twat paused by his table and Severus tensed when he both felt and heard the Gryffindor take in a deep breath right at the top of his head. Severus flinched away, his chair screeching loudly against the stone floor as his gaze snapped up at the other.

“Sit down, Mr Black!” The professor scolded sharply and Black looked back at her. Severus blinked when he heard yet another growl leave the Gryffindor’s mouth.

Steel blue locked onto him for a moment and a smile spread over his lips, something twisted and gleeful that made Severus’ stomach fill with dread before he whispered.

“We’ll play again later.”

With that he went to the back of the class, his usual seat with his idiot friends.

As the class started to fill up, Severus did his best to ignore the eyes staring holes into the back of his head. Instead he focused on setting out his things to prepare for the lecture.

He isn’t going to let Black ruin his day more than he already has. Not today. Besides, he has something to look forward to later, before curfew.

A dog.

He discovered the creature a week ago when he went into the forest looking for potions ingredients for one of his personal projects. It was a very large dog, long dark fur with dark eyes. Very obviously not your typical stray. It was smart, it seemed to recognise and understand most of the commands that Severus used and would obey them most of the time.

Other times the thing seemed to do whatever the hell it pleased but, Severus didn't mind too much.

It was strange finding a dog in the middle of the Forbidden Forest and at first, Severus was wary of the creature but...

It seemed friendly, maybe a little aggressive but it was yet to try and seriously harm Severus. He was always so affectionate and seemed insatiably happy to see him. Which is more than he can say for most of the people in his life. Though last time, he may have been a bit... too affectionate.

Severus did his best to stop the blush of humiliation threatening to bloom under his skin even as he frowned.

He did worry about the dog. It can't be safe living in the Forbidden Forest, how the creature has managed to survive – however long its been out there – is a mystery all on its own. And the possibility finding the creature's lifeless body in the woods has had Severus dreading his usual trips into the forest.

Maybe he can make some sort of protection charm, or potion to keep it safe. Then again, if its managed to survive this long then maybe it doesn't need his help.

Severus took in one more deep breath just as Lily walked into the classroom and looked up at him with a warm smile before heading over to sit beside him.

Those are thoughts for later, for now...

Severus couldn't help but glare when Potter came in moments after Lily and instantly found the Slytherin's gaze, eyes narrowing and lips pulling in disgust as he led the rest of his minions to the back.

He needs to get through the rest of the day.

End Notes

A/N:

Please review

so before my next update, I feel like there's a few things I need to clear up:

Salazar and Sev: Severus is not ending up with Adam. Before anyone picks up a pitchfork or torch, let's be real, you knew I wasn't going to have him end up with Adam.

Who is Severus ending up with? I'm not telling, but I will say I'm a little surprised no one is even guessing Remus. I'm not saying he's going to end up with Remus, I'm just saying its weird.

The Date: I know, there's a lot of Tobias hate - I get it, but for that one there's going to be some repairs in their relationship. For anyone hoping that its just going to be over, its not.

Everything else is going to have to be a surprise.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!